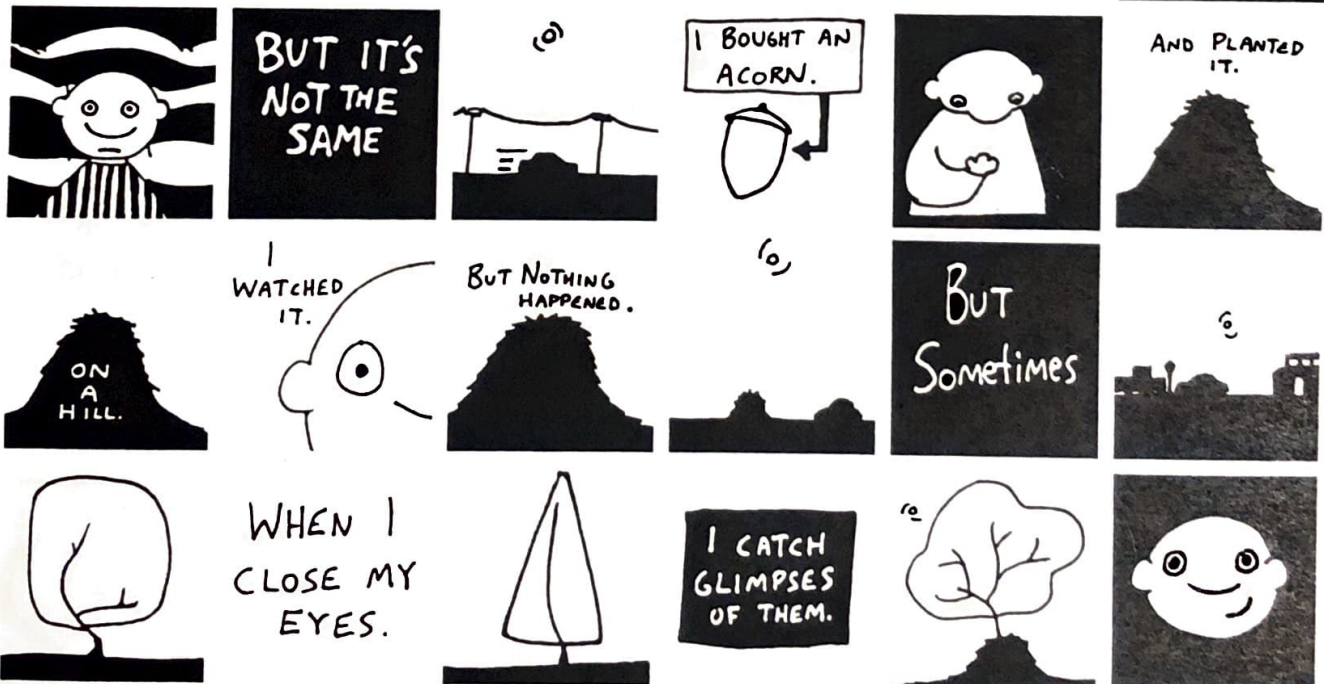


# THE OMEN

Volume 19 • Issue 5 • November 15, 2002







# C O N T E N T S

We Did Not Pay Pearl To Write This Death To The Extremist	4
More Registration Problems Than Shareware Stupid... Footsteps	5
A Response	6
The Usual Stuff (but I go footnote crazy)	7
Why Oslo Collapsed	8
To Halloween Or Not To Halloween	10
Blood on Satan's Claw	12
For Glory	14
"Oh, man, that was tewwible!"	15
Wish You Were Here	16
Hampshire College Deep Thoughts	18
...And the Lord Uttered "Wilbur"	19
Departure	20
You Know You Want to Hear What I Have To Say	21
Great Game Industry Ads, Part 1	22
The Daily Jolt Roundup	24
	25
	26

## omen

Volume 19, Number 5  
November 15, 2002

### layout & editing

Aaron Buchsbaum  
Brady Burroughs  
Beth Day  
Ali Hartley  
Sasha Horwitz  
Karl Moore  
Jeffrey Paternostro  
Justin Philpot  
John Wible  
Michael Zole

John Travolta  
Lisa Marie Presley  
Kelly Preston  
Kirstie Alley  
Jenna Elfman  
L. Ron Hubbard  
Giovanni Ribisi  
Issac Hayes  
Bodhi Elfman  
Nancy Cartwright

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIR:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover and back cover by  
Brooks Reeves



## to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 7 p.m. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: Merrill C106, Box 853, x4481. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to [ajm99@hampshire.edu](mailto:ajm99@hampshire.edu).

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple website at [omen.hampshire.edu](http://omen.hampshire.edu)

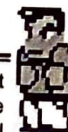
... They're like  
maggots with  
paint.

Karl Moore on Butterflies



## AT LEAST MY NAME'S ON IT

a guest editorial



This semester saw, in the first few weeks of school, a controversy. Somebody, perhaps a group, was posting anti-Semitic rants on the Hampshire DailyJolt. It came to the attention of the administration and Trustees; there was an all campus email and a promise to find who had been posting. The rants, thankfully, stopped. So far as I can remember whoever was posting was posting anonymously.

I think that for the most part people who present anonymous, antagonistic opinions on public forums aren't doing it for any other reason than to see some personal agenda to fruition. Often there is some sort of justification offered up to those who oppose trolls and what they have to say. This too seems to be a part of the personal agenda. In my opinion the best way to deal with the situation was to, repeatedly, request these anonymous posters to identify themselves. To this day nobody has.

Right on the heels of the first controversy somebody (or, again, a group of people) began posting a combination of inane, obscene and generally offensive comments on the forum and, as had been the case with the anti-Semitic postings, came under some resistance by other forum users. But this time the posts didn't stop. Some degenerated (further) into personal attacks on those who were more aggressive in voicing their displeasure. More often than not their authors justified the posts as being "funny," and therefore anybody who was taking exception to them was taking things too seriously. People with a dissenting opinion about the humor of the posts were told to calm down.

There was no other option, really, but to take it seriously. Friends of mine have had to endure stress and personal turmoil on a number of occasions simply because they put their name to their opinions. They spoke their minds and were, in a sense, punished for also taking responsibility. It angers me when people, hiding behind humor and the idea of free speech, anonymously provoke people with antagonistic, offensive opinions and ideas. People who do so are not trying to change anybody's mind or expand any sort of dialogue. Their purpose is to provoke a response. It is a cowardly, needy, selfish thing to do.

Too many people on this campus who post on the DailyJolt don't have the slightest idea about what taking personal responsibility for what you say means. It means putting your name on it and standing beside it. Not hiding behind some warped perception about what responsibility is. The very fact that these anonymous posters resort to name calling and illogical arguments in their defense only highlights the fact that they're only interested in their own personal agenda.

Questionable behavior exists beyond the Internet, but with less anonymity. For example, I don't condone, support or much like that guy that sits on the wall in the FPH breezeway. What he does, day in and day out, is something akin to harassment. People like him are the reason that loitering laws exist. Having said that, I have a tad more respect for the Wall-Sitter than I do for the trolls on the DailyJolt.

Why? A number of people who I've spoken to about him, most of them women, are really bothered

continued on page 5

## policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.





# SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.

## WE DID NOT PAY PEARL TO WRITE THIS

I am almost three years strong at Hampshire, and have almost changed my concentration about a dozen times. Pathetically, this is my first submission to the Omen. I have just realized what a GREAT idea this magazine is.

It may sound like free advertisement for this publication, but I have in fact no ties to the journal, or any of its staff. It just has taken me three years to realize how much Hampshire can benefit from an open forum such as this.

For some reason there is something of a stigma surrounding contributions or a fear that contributors and columnists are only among a small clique of friends. Reading Michael Zole's editorial piece, however, I realize that he really wants everyone to submit anything that they can, to perhaps make the magazine be complete.

We have no campus center. There is perhaps a vague "Hampshire community," or maybe a series of them that nobody is really a part of. We have friends, maybe. Halls. Mods. Classes. Clubs. This, however, is no substitution for a center. So, how can we create one? I have always lacked school spirit. I still do. Many people here do, too.

That's why I like this place, we're all a lot alike. This is an attempt to spark perhaps some sort of social dialogue between people I know, and especially the many people here that I don't yet know. I really want to hear what people have to say, and not on the Daily Jolt. I have tripped down the steps of Saga before, and also down the steps leading up from Prescott to the parking lot. I slipped a few times on the ice by the library last year,

and have also gotten jabbed by branches in the pine forest.

My evaluations have been bad and some have been good. I have had heartache here and been lonely, but also laughed a lot and been happy. I have taken my share of drugs and drink first year in tiny dorm rooms and have thrown up in those blinding florescent bathroom stalls. I have chosen to forgo work to pursue passions of the imagination and to analyze a reality that I'm not sure really existed. I have then sharpened my pencils and worked through for weeks straight with blinders on to finish at the last minute after all nighters and crashed out until 5, waking up depressed but relieved. I have forgotten that there is a greater world out there than the small world that this college and valley inhabits, and then been hit by it during various winter and thanksgiving breaks.

Guilt has kept me from not going to classes that were not worth it, but guilt has not kept me from failing them. I am different now than I ever was, but every year I am different then I ever was, so it's pointless for me even to say it. But this is the Omen. Open submissions. I wonder how much I can get away with.

Anyway, the previous rant had a point.

I think that we all have a lot of shared experiences.

In conclusion, let's support our only open submission publication. It's cool, don't worry. If somebody out there reads this and writes something new, sitting alone at Saga will never be the same. Bathroom reading will never be the same. Hell, if it gets diverse enough, our community may never be the same.



by Pearl E. Gabel, contributor

## DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXXX

by M. Zole

IT CERTAINLY IS  
ROOMY IN HERE.

1

THE QUIET WILL  
GIVE ME AMPLE  
OPPORTUNITY TO  
HONE THE COMEDY.

1

I AM GLAD THAT  
OTHER ENTITY IS  
GONE.

1

I AM THE FAN  
FAVORITE, ANYWAY.

1

WAIT, COME BACK.

1

2

1

1

I LIVE IN A HOUSE, YOU LIVE IN A SUBLET

WWW.ZOLE.ORG

DATE: SEASON 4 HAS RHYMING COUPLETS

continued from page 3

a guest editorial

by him. Every one of them who I've asked has said that not only hadn't they gone to Public Safety, they hadn't even considered it. I don't quite understand this. But every single one of them could (I think they should), and that is the difference. The Wall-Sitter is there, in the open, every night. He is there and should anyone finally decide that what he is doing is wrong enough, they can ask that he be held responsible for his actions. If you're going to be annoying for the sake of provoking a response, if you're going to make others feel uncomfortable just because you enjoy it somehow, being held responsible is the least you can do.







Beth sez GRRR!

by Beth Day, columnist

Ah, 'tis course choosing time again. Good thing I'm Div III, seeing as Central Records has decided to fuck tradition and do away with giving Div II and III students priority in registering for classes. I don't know how true this is, but it seems that there are a lot of first years with registration times earlier than those of Div II and III students, myself included. Maybe this is a plot by the administration to make it appear to first years that getting the classes they want really isn't that hard so they won't transfer and they can say the new First Year Plan is working lovely. This certainly can't be good to improve older student morale, a lot of them are already upset with the intense focus on first years to the point of ignoring the needs of older students. I would hate to be a second year trying to finish up my Division I projects at this time. I assume that 100 level classes and the professors who are teaching them aren't as geared towards people trying to get their projects done.

I'd also like to bring to the attention of all you lovely people the course offerings for next semester. I'm looking through the course offerings trying as I do every year to try and figure out the definitive difference between IA and HACU and failing. I'll be amazed the day IA involves a class like "The Math of Art." I was also bothered by looking through the SS offer-

## MORE REGISTRATION PROBLEMS THAN SHAREWARE

ings and seeing that most of the courses being offered seemed to be promoting some political agenda or another. While I don't disagree with the opinions they are presenting, I question the need for something like four classes on globalization when there's very few classes on things like straight psychology or history topics. I also wish instead of this school simply being a place of liberal ideals that it was a place that made you question your ideals. I admire people like Stan Warner who enjoy taking the devil's advocate position in their classes to try and get their students to think harder about the reasoning behind their opinions. Questioning ones self and looking at the other side's arguments objectively only helps one form a better defense. I think too often people come to this school and settle into their activist agenda without really thinking long and hard about the reasoning behind what they're fighting for. I just want people to be better and more effective activists. Someone has to save the world after all.

In other news, whatever happened to older students being the most apathetic group in campus? As of late I've begun to think that older students seem to care more about what happens on this campus than most of the younger classes. More than ever it seems like people have segregated themselves into their

own little friend worlds and don't care to come out and get involved in the campus at large. As of late I was annoyed at how our intern all-house dance went (mostly because I am tired of dances that don't work), only to find a bunch of people on the Jolt bitching about the dance not being what people want to do and being a waste of money. Well fuck you. Why not instead of bitching about what events you DON'T want us to put on, you tell us what events you do think would be a good idea?

I think that it's really fucking sad that the most well-attended event of the all-house weekend was the movie night. I think it's going to be really sad when all the events we bother doing as interns are passive things like showing movies because that's the only thing people will show up for. We want to do big amazing events that people will be excited about, but I'm beginning to think this campus doesn't get excited about anything but being drunk. I don't think it's something wrong with interns planning events, I just think people are too damned apathetic and snotty. I'm sorry you're too cool to go to a dance where getting drunk and puking your face in the toilet later isn't the main attraction.

It's not just events. People see things that bother them on this campus and they don't even try to do anything about

continued on next page

## STUPID... FOOTSTEPS

by Alli Hartley, contributor

This particular Omen layout, as in most Omen layouts, I had absolutely nothing to write about. Well, that's not true. I had many things to write about, but fear took hold. That's right, a hideous horrible, wheezing fear that blew morning breath in my face and hit me repeatedly with a rubber chicken. A symbolic rubber chicken. Of doom. The chicken looked at me with his plastic eyes and dared me to write something funny. Something original and insightful. Something the Omen stands for on its good days, and longs for on its bad. I want to be one of the people that people read the Omen for. But morning breath stays in your nostrils no matter how much you scrub them. Desperate, I turn to backissues, and read my favorite articles. Well, skim my favorite articles for something to steal. Screamin' Steven, Surly, Boy, Death to the Extremist circle me with leering smiles and stick figure bodies. I can feel the ghost of Shaun Boyle, disappointed in me.

As I flip further, I find the obligatory "I'm going crazy" article, the sweet "I'm getting older" article, the well thought-out, well presented, universally ignored discussion of an incident at Hampshire, or a change in Hampshire policy. The plug for a Hampshire group. Porn, Poop jokes, profanity. Now I could tell you that I realized that every article is a piece of the community, and therefore does more to define Hampshire. I could also tell you that each of these articles tells us about the writer, and more about ourselves into the bargain. It's not true. As I read on, I realized that many, many articles sucked. But further, the people who made the Omen what it is had the balls to submit even their

crappy articles, in the knowledge that they would learn and develop a style and become a fixture. The Omen isn't about prejudice or porn or poop or profanity, or giant chickens of doom leaning over you spewing blood from their beaks and shrieking "THEY'RE ALL GONNA LAUGH AT YOU". The Omen is about having the balls to say what you mean and be willing to stand by it. And people remember the articles that spoke to them and forget

the ones that didn't. So you'll either be loved unconditionally, or forgotten—or people will bitch to their friends about how talk about chickens offends them, and they'll try to get you expelled.

OK, I can live with that.

Sorry about the Chickens.



continued from previous page **MORE REGISTRATION PROBLEMS...**

them. No one really seems to even get involved in student groups as much as they used to. I miss my first year when the whole campus was having a new controversy about every month. Even if it bothered me at the time, at least it showed people still gave a fuck. If you don't like the events going on, organize your own event. If you don't like any of the student groups that exist, start your own. This campus is an amazing enough place that these things are quite obtainable to do. We have an administration that is a hell of a lot more approachable than most other colleges. I've always been a believer in anything being possible if you simply have the strength of angry numbers of people. I believe in the power of the angry mob.

One lovely exception to the rule I've seen as of late is in NS. I've never seen so many first years getting involved in the school of NS, coming to meetings and such. It warms my bitter older student soul. So congrats to all those lovely people. Beth Sez Grr homework assignment of the next couple of weeks, get angry about something and do something about it, offer constructive criticism, get involved, question authority and yourselves, save the world.





## A RESPONSE

The last two issues of the *Omen* have really pissed me off. I am referring to Jesse Weinberg's pieces in particular. Furthermore I felt that my opinion was so widely held on this campus on this issue that not only would someone respond to Jesse Weinberg's articles but that an extreme version of my opinion would be expressed... over and over again and my voice (that of reason) would be drowned in the cacophony of outrage and bullshit that this college so often produces. I would have been content in this case because although most of it would have been bullshit, it would have been something and would save me from writing this article. Needless to say that did not happen and here I am. I realize in retrospect that those who are for the creation of a Palestinian State (although Weinberg himself would probably claim to be a proponent of such a plan I am speaking more of a pro-Palestinian view) would not respond to his articles because the articles had facts (some distorted, some wrong, and some sadly true) and figures (which are easily misrepresented and misused) with which one could not contest without doing their homework... and the *Omen* is simply not about doing homework. I however have done my homework, and have written two 300 level papers (and actually working on a third) on the subject, I just had no desire to redo it.

Quick background, Palestine is not a state, never was a state, never fit the criteria. Israel is a state, has been since 1947 even though even by the most liberal standards it never fulfilled the same criteria

(mostly because there have never been stable borders and only recently a semi-stable population). In one of my papers I quoted a famous Zionist, and for those who don't know the definition of Zionism, it was those people who pushed for the cause of returning to their biblical homeland, but anyway it said something to the effect that Israel "...is a state without a people and a people without a state". This of course left out the people who lived there, but regardless. Most if not all of what is now the area of Palestine-Israel was a British Colony. Under the Balfour (sp?) Declaration, Jewish immigration was severely limited, then in the 30's or 40's the doors were let open to a great number of Jewish immigrants who came during and after WWII. The quasi-government in place there at the time turned their head, the organizations of the Jewish immigrants (which were very well funded by the Jewish Diaspora) eventually labeled themselves a government, which most of the world was open to because with their financial reserves they had the likeness of a government but also because the Holocaust demanded the world's reprisal. The newly founded states in the region however were not so thrilled at the idea of a large number of immigrants coming in and taking their territory. Furthermore the people who lived in the areas where the settlements were occurring were not allowed to join or participate at all in the creation of these organization. The result was a war in which most of Israel's neighbors lost territory. Another result was some millions of people were thrown out of what is now

Israel who had been living there for some time and were made refugees from a state that never existed. Weinberg's last article mentioned that Israel after the war "sought peaceful relations with its Arab neighbors and EVEN (emphasis obviously added) offered to take in 100,000 Arab refugees (now this is the good part) as a sign of good faith". It really is laughable even though it is so sad.

Furthermore in 1967 the UN set Israeli boundaries while the Israeli government furthered their "settlements" increasing the land that was under its control, a measure condemned multiple times by the General Assembly of the UN. The current Israeli administration (under Sharon) has openly suggested despite the pleas of most of the world, the expansion of what is (by textbook definition) colonization. The Palestinians are a stateless (a few received Jordanian nationality, and some other countries let in some, but on the whole they are stateless) population of some millions of people living in U.N. refugee camps or in an ever shrinking territory, subject to military harassment, job discrimination, forced to live under harsh curfews which are lifted and dropped with little or no notice, and at any moment their home, place of work, school, or any other building may be ransacked, shot at or destroyed. In this bleak reality there is no economy, there is no political stability, no government with which to voice your opinion or defend your person. There is no hope. Jesse Weinberg has some problem with the phrase "resisting occupation", how about

this instead: fighting for dignity, or perhaps fighting for survival. This is not to say the indiscriminant acts of Hamas, PFLP, or the Martyr's Brigade are justified. The Palestinians, with no military to defend a state they do not have, and a government that although has some recognition outside its territory has no institutions; as the Ministry of Schools, Department of Transportation, Department of Interior and even the schools themselves were ransacked, computers stolen or destroyed, the New York Times even reported that along with every report card and school record taken, a safe was raided and \$120 was taken by the IDF. What would you do? With no security, and no way to secure yourself, one can only imagine you in that situation would strike back. Weinberg draws a lot of parallels to Nazi Germany, I see them... but not the way he sees them.

### Small points:

Weinberg compares Palestinian spending 2 billion dollars versus the Israeli 4 million on propaganda. When days after Sept. 11, the Anti-Defamation League paid for a full page ad in the NYT more or less equating Palestine with Al-Qaeda (which I might add made me want to vomit and furthermore oversteps by great bounds what the ADL's mission statement must be) I'm sure those funds were not counted in that tally. Nor are the funds of the pro-Israeli Jewish-American Diaspora (which I might add has one of the biggest lobbying groups, save the NRA and tobacco). While I don't believe the figure in the first place (I might guess Weinberg got it from some of the 4 million dollars worth of propaganda, which with such a paltry amount is not expected to be right on with its

numbers) one also has to question where the rest of the Pro-Israel line is coming from, considering the media seems so one sided on the issue.

Weinberg also states that the Arabs were somehow evil in not giving recognition to Israel. Frankly if Europe, the UN, and the US accept you, what do you need any other recognition for. You have international legal personality, it doesn't matter. And to complain about this while not recognizing Palestine is a joke.

Weinberg states that the second intifada was "unleashed" by Arafat. In fact many academics attribute the second intifada with Sharon's political stump speech in front of the Muslim holy site in which his words were well, racist. His choice of location in particular stepped on a few toes.

He also states that Husayni who was a Nazi supporter was a "Palestinian Leader". In all of my research I've never seen his name, but needless to say the term 'leader' is a bit ambiguous. Who did he lead? What did he lead? Surely no Palestinian state.

Indiscriminant acts of violence occur on both sides. When a ten ton bomb was dropped onto a Hamas leader's house, killing him, his family, and most people within a block radius- were they all valid targets, if not, is that terrorism? If you take the definition of terrorism to be such that it is an indiscriminant act of violence perpetrated for political reasons, and then define violence as the willful cause of harm. Then are not curfews which don't allow freedom of movement, allow ambulances to pass, allow them to neither visit family or go to work not terrorism. You may think that is stretching the term, but how about when a mother and her two children

get shot because they were not informed that a curfew which they thought had been lifted was suddenly re-imposed so quickly she was not informed and shot dead.

Furthermore how is Palestinians asking for the right to return any different from European Jews asking for right of return after the Holocaust? For example, if you lived in Hungary and got shipped to Auschwitz should you not be able to return to Hungary? And I would like to point out that it is not the Palestinian Authority who asked for that. It came out of the Arab summit. Some of the Arab countries wanted it put on to the resolution so it was. And it is not a demand of Arafat.

In summation I would like to state that I am not for the dissolution of the Israeli state, and I am not anti-Semitic I simply think most Israeli foreign policy choices are poor. The Palestinian Authority may be corrupt, but Arafat just threw out most of his cabinet (which many were claiming to be the source of the corruption) and is holding elections. Just like people here may think that America has the best political system in the world doesn't mean they agree with all the foreign policy. Being Jewish and supporting the existence of Israel doesn't mean you have to be for the expansion settlements (illegal under international law), or brutal curfews or any other policy choice the government at the time chooses to make. And by all means get upset when a Palestinian suicide bomber walks into a religious celebration and kills a few dozen, but please don't only see one side of the issue. For every one Israeli who dies, some dozen Palestinians die... and they weren't all terrorists.







# THE USUAL STUFF (BUT I GO FOOTNOTE CRAZY)

## Stupid Internet

I really need to get rid of my Ethernet cord. For every bit of actual use I get out of it, I spend an hour or two on homestarrunner.com.<sup>8</sup> The internet is a magical, wonderful place full of bickering over the relative merits of Ian Rotten's mat work over the last six months,<sup>9</sup> Keith Hernandez's career stats, Toryumon theme music downloads<sup>10</sup>, and dumbshits on the Daily Jolt. If I didn't need to check my e-mail periodically, I would get rid of it...really, I swear. I just hope I don't get the urge to reinstall Snood<sup>11</sup> on my computer, or else I will never get work done.

## Random Ass Wrestling Review<sup>12</sup>

Magnum TOKYO/Super Shisa v. Darkness Dragon/Genki Horiguchi<sup>13</sup>- March 2002 TV Block

by Jeffrey Paternostro, columnist

It's been a trend lately (well, three articles in two weeks) to put footnotes or a glossary in your *Omen* article. So in my sheep-like way, I follow the flock. Let's get to work.

## Election (It's not so cool without Reese Witherspoon)

Hmmm, the Republicans control everything again, and you're still all here.<sup>1</sup>

I really don't care. I can't vote in Massachusetts, but once the Demos nominated O'Brien over Reich, I lost interest. O'Brien is an idiot<sup>2</sup>. I mean in the dumb sense. On a related note, I also dislike the Green Party: Not only did their leader personally screw me over,<sup>3</sup> but I don't think that anyone outside of college students and citizens of Vermont, Amherst/NoHo, and Eugene, Oregon actually believe

in their platform. It's not a viable third party alternative if NO ONE votes for you<sup>4</sup> or supports your platform. Can they even get someone elected to a town council seat in Podunk, Illinois? And yes, the Demos would have imploded with or without you. Bush is still just that unspeakably popular. Blame the uncultured, voodoo, or whatever else floats your boat, but I know the real reason the Republicans are in power. A majority of people in a majority of states and

**I just hope I don't get the urge to reinstall Snood<sup>11</sup> on my computer, or else I will never get work done.**

districts voted for the Republican<sup>5</sup> candidate over the Democratic/Libertarian/Reform/American Independence/Natural Law/Green/Independent candidate. The people have spoken. Fancy that.

1. A reference to Election 2000 when "Move to Canada" banners went up all over campus

2. See "Unbecoming" controversy. Damn those misogynists.

3. Actually he didn't. WWC joke.

4. Courtesy CNN.com: James Sykes, senate candidate in Alaska got 7% of the vote. Jonathan Carter, gubernatorial candidate in Maine got 9%. No other candidate got over 5%. Alaska and Maine, great places for party building. Heck, overall, the Libertarians probably had a better showing. They seem to have had candidates in more races, anyway.

5. A party I don't support, by the way, before you dismiss my opinion as right wing, as this campus is wont to do.

6. I probably missed another fifteen small parties, I apologize to any Citizen's Party members, or whatever, that

I might have offended. Also, all parties I don't support.

7. See footnote 4

8. BEST. WEBSITE. EVER.

9. Yep, the DVD/R 500 came out this week. A few interesting spots:

Eddie Guerrero- 1 (Damn straight)

Chris Benoit- 2 (Yep)

Kurt Angle- 7 (That low, eh. I guess I really need to see the period Tenryu. Hmmm, maybe not)

SUWA- 26 (He'll be back in the top ten, just wait)

Genki Horiguchi- 70 (Dig the hair)

HHH- Three Seventy something and below Ric Flair (HAHAHAHAHA)

10. Thee Michelle Gun Elephant Rules, as does Hide with Spread Beaver (dig those wacky Japanese band names)

11. A.K.A. Computer game crack

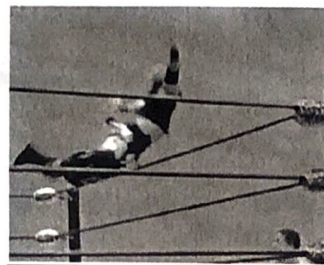
12. It's not really that random. I just picked a tape and put it in

They clip the entrances, unfortunately.<sup>14</sup> A slow start with some brawling around ringside. Once it gets in the ring though, everybody is on the button. Genki is the best goofy wrestling evil surfer ever.<sup>15</sup> He busts out the TOPE CON HILO OF LOVE~<sup>16</sup> and the heels use the great BODYSLAM FLURRY~<sup>17</sup> for the heat segment. Magnum even looks world class again with the kind of crazy apron Tope Suicida in between the turnbuckles. Shisa has the wackiest dive ever<sup>17</sup> to polish off the babyface dive sequence. The finish sequence is off the charts great.<sup>18</sup> Darkness Dragon A.K.A.

from January for Toryumon tag match of the year.

## Register This!

Wow, completely random registration times regardless of Division. I actually got a decent time.<sup>21</sup> But I must say the idea is absolute brilliance. Whoever thought of that should get a raise. And way to tell no one that you were changing the system.<sup>22</sup> I understand that now classes are just as important to Div ones as they are to Div twos. But for fairness, every first year should have to spend a night in the Yurt<sup>23</sup> before preregistration, listening



TOPE CON HILO OF LOVE~!

MAKOTO A.K.A. K-NESS<sup>19</sup> is the most improved wrestler ever. Compares favorably with Susumu / Darkness v. Bicycle Brothers from the previous month, and Susumu / Darkness<sup>20</sup> v. Dragon Kid/Shisa

to acoustic guitars<sup>24</sup> and bickering over the order on a wholly irrelevant list. And they shouldn't be allowed in any video or writing classes.<sup>25</sup> Fair is fair after all.

the VCR. Once I realized what tape it was, I said "Shit, that really good tag match is on this tape. I'll watch that."

13. Genki spotting #2 in this article. There may be more before it is done.

14. Magnum's entrance is the greatest wrestling entrance of wrestling entrances.

15. In fairness, I still have to see The Destroyers' evil surfer period.

16. Sorry, channeling Dean Rasmus n.

16a. Sorry, did it again. I'm very unoriginal in my wrestling reviews.

17. Somersault into a reverse skin the cat into a head scissors takedown. Yup, wacky.

18. Sort of a variation on the Heyman finish, where they tease all their big finishers before finally hitting one. As opposed to the Heyman finish proper, where they all hit their finishers on each other, before they run out of guys to jump

into the ring and deliver some fruity facebuster variation.

19. Those wacky Toryumon name changes. I use toryumonusa.tripod.com to keep track. And I do keep track, furthering the notion that I need to ditch the Ethernet.

20. Notice a pattern Darkness Dragon = Lost member of the Midnight Express.

21. At least I think it is. I have no frame of reference here.

22. The usual great communication between the administration and the students.

23. Not like it is being used for anything, anyway.

24. "Circles...she's spinning me around in circles, again."

25. This is more for my benefit.

26. I used this tagline in my first article ever, and it just seems to have stuck.

27. More bang for your buck, baby.

Until next time<sup>26</sup>

Until next time, someone should have told me that Absolut 100 is only two bucks more than regular Absolut.<sup>27</sup>





## WHY OSLO COLLAPSED

Oslo failed completely. The formula was land for peace but murders continued. The Palestinian Authority grew into a regime with all the powers and characteristics of a state, extended its rule over 95% of the Palestinians living in the West Bank and Gaza. Violence continued unabated. Jews were murdered in buses, restaurants, elementary schools and their homes. The murderers never took into account their victim's age, gender, place of residence or political orientation. People were targeted solely for being Jewish. Due to the actions of the PA, their were more murder victims during the seven years of Oslo than during the Intifada. The most blaring contempt for the "Land for Peace," formula that Arafat's regime displayed to date was Camp David 2000. They rejected the Gaza, 97% of the West Bank and Jerusalem without the Jewish quarter in return for a total end of the conflict. Asking for a "total end of the conflict" should seem like a really bizarre request because the fighting was supposed to end when both sides signed the Oslo agreement. All problems were to be reconciled solely through peaceful negotiations.

There were negotiations but they were anything but peaceful. The very foundation of Oslo, the prohibition against violence, was either violated or ignored. Through-

out the seven years of negotiations, violence was used as political blackmail. Men, women and children, whom were defenseless, blameless and had no power over anyone, were murdered, maimed and intimidated. Arafat's regime preferred not to have its own armed forces do the shooting so they simply let Islamic Jihad and Hamas pull the trigger. The PA's security apparatus never tried to

stop these murders, despite that they knew who was doing the killing or where they lived. Instead the PA made sure these grotesque organizations dedicated to murder could continue to function. Tawfiq Tirawi, the PA's own head of General Intelligence, ordered all his men to warn any paramilitary member by phone or in person if the Israeli police were going to come to arrest them for their crimes. How can someone argue that Arafat's regime can't stop terror if it knows the paramilitary member's identities, where they live and where they work?

Arafat's regime didn't just refuse to follow Oslo's security agreements, it refused to admit that it was negotiating

with Israel or that peace was the goal. The PA still boasts it will be victorious and never compromise. The sections in Oslo prohibiting incitement of violence were ignored. Arafat referred to Oslo as the "Treaty of Ubeidiyah," a treaty Mohammed made with the Jews of Medina while the Muslims were weak, only to kill all the Jews once the Muslims were strong enough. Ikrima Sabri, the PA's mufti,

frequently called on Muslim worshippers to kill Jews and attack Israel. Mohammed Dahlan, head of Preventive Security in Gaza, publicly declared his support for suicide bombings. Propaganda encouraging violence against Jews was systematically disseminated in children's school books, in sermons, in mosques, on television and in public radio. The PA even opened summer camps where children wore military uniforms, learned how to shoot guns and kidnap Jews.

At the same time as rogue paramilitary units orchestrated systematic murder campaigns from PA-controlled territory and Palestinian children continued to be fed an ideology of hate, Oslo diplomacy between Israelis and



Arafat meets with Hamas leader Ahmed Yassin.

Palestinians continued. Arafat's regime was happy to attend peace talks so long as they did not have to make a single concession. Every single substantial issue: borders, Jerusalem, water and refugees, was put off until final status negotiations because the PA simply refused to negotiate on any of them. The peace talks just became a public relations campaign for the PA to show the international community that they wanted peace. They were able to exploit the EU and US's good will in the form of billions in foreign aid. More importantly the regime gained time, the PA was able to ignore the provisions of Oslo that limited it to 18,000 police and prohibition against possessing an army. By the time Arafat launched his war against Israel on September 29, 2000, he was supreme commander of a 45,000 strong force complete with naval units, AK-47's, machine guns, artillery, mortars, grenades and armored personnel carriers. Negotiations between the two sides broke down because the PA realized that Israel was no longer willing to give away free concessions, referred to as "confidence building measures." The PA was going to have to finally do something in return. It was then that Arafat dropped all the trappings of "making peace," and launched his war.

Now that Oslo has been dropped completely by Arafat and his cohorts, the PA has been directly financing and coordinating a campaign of terror against Jewish Israelis.

As of date, there have been 17 PA documents uncovered that detail 157 cases of plans for the transfer of money or equipment from PA reserves to death squads to carry out more attacks against Jews. 41 of these cases bear an official stamp of approval from Yasser Arafat. Raed Karmi was one such professional murderer that the PA financed. He had been on the PA's bankroll for about a year and had shot to death two Jews at a restaurant on January 23, 2001. Karmi asked Ramallah's Fatah leader, Husayn al-Shaykh, to finance a 12 man terror cell in Tul-Karm. Shaykh passed on the letter to Arafat, who authorized Karmi's request on January 7, 2002. Eleven days later a member of Karmi's cell, Abed Hassouna, walked into a Bat-Mitzvah in Hadera and opened fire with a machine gun, murdering seven people and injuring 33 others.

Arafat doesn't rely on requests to murder and terrorize Israelis. His own Fatah party, it's youth movement Tanzim, his presidential guard and members of his security services have shot guns, detonated explosives and fired artillery at Jewish communities and Jewish civilians in Israel. The General Secretary of Fatah and leader of the Tanzim Youth movement, Marwan Barghout, is already in prison and has admitted to ordering attacks against civilians. The former PA Finance minister, Fuad Shubaki, funneled incalculable tons of ammunitions and fire arms to Palestinian militias and was publicly implicated by Arafat as being responsible

for trying to smuggle artillery pieces and missile launchers from Iran. Tawfiq Tirawi and Mohammed Dahlan also openly ordered their men to carry out attacks. Both of them still serve at their posts while Jibril Rajoub was removed from the head of Preventive Security in the West Bank earlier this year because he refused to order his men to attack Israelis.

Yasser Arafat and those in his regime who serve under him are war criminals. They purposefully and willfully violated Oslo, preferring violence over compromise. Armed conflict was a strategic choice. Arafat's calculated that his demands: to expel all 400,000 Jews living in the areas his regime marked off as Palestine as well as Jews living inside Israel so that Palestinians in Lebanon could have the same plot of land their great-grandparents had, were unachievable through negotiations. Not Israel or any state could forcibly remove such large numbers of people from their homes but that's exactly what Arafat demanded at Camp David 2000. Israel could never acquiesce expelling entire cities and communities simply because Arafat's criminal clique of quasi-generals can't stand to have a Palestine with Jews. Oslo failed because rather than follow agreements and try to reach a peace settlement, the PA aimed to accomplish goals that were monstrously amoral and impossible to fulfill. For the very same reason their armed struggle will fail.





## TO HALLOWEEN OR NOT TO HALLOWEEN

Imagine if you will, a 25 year old, 4 1/2 year student, facing his 6th and final Hampshire Halloween. His dilemma is no simple one: should he go out and rage? Or should he have yet another 'no-fun-in-the-end' Halloween confined to his room, forcing himself to write an article for the Omen? What you are a bout to read is one man's journey into...Hampshire Halloween.

Here I am facing my last Hampshire Halloween (cuz I ain't coming back!) and I feel torn. Get stupid and wasted and dress up and see where the night takes me or sit in my room, listen to the sounds of madness and write about it. Perhaps even an article for the Omen. I'm picking the article.

Okay, it's Friday, real time and shit. I'm just waking up at 2 o'clock and it looks pretty dead outside. Gray too. I have a meeting at 3, maybe my committee will be into it and be wasted. (It's 3:30, I'm here, they're sober and setting div3 1st draft dates with me. Too bad. It woulda been nice to see them bent.)

Walked around after the meeting. Everyone is setting up. The wrestling kids were making mats, some girl was making giant origami, loud music, people running around looking for last minute costumes, the carrying of cases of beer in the mods. It's good to see people get excited, or not, about dressing up. I asked a few people what they were going to "do" tonight. There was one cry for mushrooms, most people are drinking, a lot, usual reefer

cigarette smoking (maybe I was there for that), ecstasy, coke, opium, molecules, and lots of jokes about me being sober locked up in my room trying to write an article. Which WAS my plan. Is my plan.

So far we've played Halo for about 2 hours, light whiskey sippin', 3 reefer cigarettes, costume maintenance. The atmosphere is one that demands involvement. No one is in a bad mood, here at least, no one is bitching about hating Hampshire, or papers. Everything is mad chill.

It's about 7 o'clock now, Delicious has come through. He's wearing rose tinted shades, gold beads in his braids, diamond on his front tooth. He's eager to read this knowing he's in it. He's a smooth cat, telling me, "I'm half way fucked up. Hennessy and weed."

People are setting things up outside. Laughing, drinking. I'm half tempted to go out. No can do. It's all about the Omen. My lockdown curfew is 8 though. No. I love the Omen way too much to not submit *something* before I graduate.

7:12pm - Just came up with the intro. I'm facing slight fatigue, but it's all good, the night is young. One modmate has resigned to play Madden 2003, another is at the liquor store, the other is leaving. He's Linus from Peanuts. With a beard. Someone has walked in. She's a picture of her mom. Looks pretty much like her too. She's got the picture pinned to her collar. "I gotta go to the house office." And

continued on page 17

by Frank Queris, contributor

## BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW

As some of you may know, I enjoy a fine drink made with quality ingredients. To me, mixing is an art, and I appreciate a drink that is well balanced and well presented. I dreamed of the day that I could add my own fine beverage to the hallowed archives of mixology.

shaker with ice and shake and strain into cocktail or martini glass. Drink and enjoy the delicious layers of sweet and bitter.

The only problem now is that it needs a snappy name. All good drinks have a cool name. The only thing I could come

cation of Campari. I like that one a bit better, but it's still a bit cliched. If any of you swell readers out there who have the gumption to put this drink together and imbibe it can come up with a better name, I'd like to hear it. Submit answers to the Omen, and they will be

by Brady Burroughs, contributor



Campari  
Francesco Rubino  
1998 - Acrylics on canvas

And tonight, this ninth day of November in the beloved year of our Lord two-thousand and two, I may have developed a classic. The recipe is such: 2oz of bourbon whiskey (I used Old Grand Dad), 1/2-3/4oz of Campari, and a dash of 1/2oz of grenadine (to taste). Pour in a

up with off the top of my head was "Blood on Satan's Claw" --after a line from a Cramps song which references a 60s horror movie. But it's too long, and just sounds a bit silly. My other idea was the "Big Sleep" after the Raymond Chandler book and the slow acting intoxi-

forwarded to me via my secret "bat-phone." I'd add a disclaimer not to do this kind of thing if you are under-age, but I don't know anyone under the age of 21 who can tolerate the taste of Campari....so drink up!



SECTION  
SWEET





## GEEK LOVE

# FOR GLORY!

by Karl Moore, columnist

Of all the leftist catch-phrases and revolutionary jargon floated about on a regular basis at Hampshire, imperialism and its permutations has succeeded hegemony, paradigm, and internalized oppression in popularity. Critics often accuse the U.S. of "Sneaky imperialism" which is an oxymoron—imperialism is nothing if not overt. Therefore, to satisfy myself and those who would place the mantle of imperialism on these United States, I have articulated a plan for turning the United States into a full-fledged empire in short order.

1. Abolish the States and replace them with fiefdoms; whoever is the wealthiest resident in each would be declared its Lord.

2. Goodbye, United States! Our country shall henceforth be known as the Pan-American Empire.

3. No more Secret Service; we shall have an Imperial Guard! Scarlet cloaks and platinum-finished submachine guns will be the order of the day.

4. All official correspondence shall not be through e-mail or typewritten paper— it shall be on the finest parchment; hand-lettered in gold and sealed with wax. It will be most expensive,

but should reduce the amount of paperwork.

5. The military shall undergo a change of style. Sumptuous wool, epaulets, and gold braiding for all— and that's strictly combat dress!

**The military shall undergo a change of style. Sumptuous wool, epaulets, and gold braiding for all— and that's strictly combat dress!**

6. Paper and non-precious metals shall be outlawed as mediums of exchange. Gold, Gold, GOLD! Gems, silver, and platinum will also be reluctantly

accepted.

7. The current president will be declared Emperor George I, and his term shall last the extent of his natural life. Should he fail to produce a male heir, the mantle will fall to his brother.

8. The seal of the United States will be altered; the current eagle will be replaced by an eagle perched on the shoulders of a standing grizzly bear. The bear shall wear a Tri-corner hat, holding a crossbow in one paw

and extending the middle finger with the other. The eagle shall be smoking a cigar.

9. "The Star-Spangled Banner" shall cease to be the National Anthem; it will change forever to the forgotten '80s metal chestnut "Don't Pay the Ferryman" by Chris DeBurge. "Hail to the Chief" will be replaced by the entrance theme of "Stone Cold" Steve Austin.

10. Efforts, including alteration of dictionaries and monitoring of telephone conversations, will be made to replace traditional greeting and parting phrases with others more suited to the truly imperial climate. For example: "For EMPIRE!" and "Long Live the EMPIRE!"

11. To foster a more imperial national sentiment, dueling over matters of honor will be a legally recognized method of settling disputes.

12. Formal dress will no longer include the traditional suit and tie; ruffled velvet shirts, animal pelts and leggings are back "in."

Farewell.  
For EMPIRE!



Kitty courtesy of  
RateMyKitten.com



continued from page 14

## TO HALLOWEEN OR NOT TO HALLOWEEN

she's gone.

8:23pm - I got sucked in and started playing Madden too. Sigmund Freud and Nene Hilario are here. Nene is a hairdresser. Blue vinyl pants, thick accent. It's testing my will. I shared a beer and already I want to go out and run around. Maybe I won't make it. There isn't much noise outside though. "Fireworks start soon. Should we roll another 'j'?" Delicious asks. I'm in trouble.

8:36pm - Fireworks are going off. A bow I was passed around (maybe I was there for that). Sigmund hasn't said much. He's creeping me out; too many issues. Nene suggests that I just take it easy and have fun. Delicious says, "I'm getting 4 or 5 or 6 bitches tonight!" Nene says, "In a row?" Delicious responds, "It don't matter to a playa!" Jeez, how can I do this? Me and Delicious are (were) arguing. "It's a study!" I yell. "I need to exhibit control and do this." He spends a couple of sentences telling me why I want to lock myself up anyway and that it's Hampshire Halloween, fun this, fun that, blah blah. My hands are moving too much. (8:43pm) Nene is talking about his leather jacket, it's cold outside. BOOM! Fireworks. Dang.

9:06pm - Regardless of how drunk or high people may be, Halloween is true community. The fireworks ended to applause. Amazing costumes; a box of menthols, countless super heroes, Winona Ryder from Heathers, angels, devils, raggedy Ann and Andy, beautiful fire-fighters, Delicious, Nene, Sigmund, me. People seem so pleased. This is my last Halloween. I felt so sad out there. I can't be removed, yet it's not in me to get drunk or high. Too much. I

don't know what to do.

9:20pm - Lots of discussion about what to do. No one will get out of character. She-ra is here now. "This is fun, this is my childhood dream" she says. Linus is here now too. Nene is the man. Too funny. I hope people out there meet him/met him. "Tell me about your mother." Sigmund says. I'm freaking out. I'm in quiet write shit down character. They're all having fun, it's great. Noise outside. I've been sipping quietly (again with quiet) at whiskey. This is the drunk part. Soon this will have no direction or point. Not that there was much before. "Damn, son. Put that pen down!" Delicious commands. I hear him, it's just hard to listen. He's got me. Hampshire Halloween has got me.

10pm - Okay, I'm drinking hard now and I've been around more reefer smoking. Pan is here. He didn't have a flute though. It's kind of on, now. Time for stupidity, I guess. Some call it fun, I call it old. We'll see. (10:05) Wait, a mechanic is here now. Someone's phone double rings. She-ra is back. Oddly, She-ra and the mechanic are talking about class. I'm almost buzzed. Is that important?

11:40pm - Now I'm drunk. Very drunk and I'm about to get into some silly shit. More drugs perhaps. More alcohol perhaps. Jeez. No one is in character anymore. We're dumb. Terribly dumb. Happy Halloween.

11:49pm - This article is over. Might be over. We'll be okay if we can stay off the substances.

12:18am - Hurting. Period.  
1:27pm, Saturday - Hampshire Halloween has come and gone. It's funny how bad things turn out

towards the end of the night. When the substances take their toll. The night gets this weird stink of sex and then bad things happen. Which is too bad, really. I had three of my friends crying in front of me, one over the phone, and another friend decided that it was important to punch and kick things. "I think I really hurt my toe" he said before I left the mod.

2:19pm - Just spent a bunch of time talking about last night. My friend who graduated last semester said, "This was officially the worst time I've ever had." The night wasn't that bad. Or it could have been. I don't know.

I realized that I don't remember much. Which is okay, but I do remember peoples' bad time on that sucks. It's so easy to forget just how over the top Hampshire Halloween is. It starts off as good clean fun and then turns into Bourbon Street.

So, I guess I succeeded and failed at my mission. I wanted to avoid Halloween and write and article about visitors and the drugs they were on and show how odd things can be when you're not involved, but we all know how odd it is already. That's why we get really drunk or too high or overly emotional. It's our only chance to be involved with other Hampshire students and not hate them because we see ourselves in them. Even the shit talkers get sucked in. I did. And I was still able to write something for the Omen. What this is exactly, I don't know. I do know that I'm damn happy to be a Hampshire student and I'm gunna miss this fucking place. Happy Halloween, you wacky Hampsters you!





# "OH, MAN. THAT WAS TEWWIBLE!"

Sometimes things don't work out quite as you plan, and then all you can do is salvage the pieces the best you can, and find a better solution for the future. This article is my attempt to salvage a contest that was a complete flop. I may not have received any entries, but at least I got an Omen article out of it! Seriously, it's harder than I thought to pull a 700-word article out of thin air. It's actually easier when I'm given a topic, but anyway...

Jolt HQ (um, that means me) was sponsoring a Halloween costume contest, lovingly titled the B. S. Halloween Costume Contest. That's Big Scary, by the way, not whatever else you might be thinking. Frequenters of Daily Jolts across the country were encouraged to submit a picture of their Halloween costume. School winners would win a personalized forum icon, national winners would win a bunch of CDs (recently upgraded from a T-shirt), and the winner as selected by Jolter Council (um, that's me again) would get a free trip to Mexico over Spring Break. It sounded pretty good to me, but demi-gods aren't allowed to win.

Things got off to a bad start when I decided to put up fliers to advertise the contest. I was supposed to have a business type of person to deal with fliers, but that didn't pan out. I'm not really into advertising, so it took me a whole week to come up with a flier I was happy with. By then, it was just

five days before Hampshire Halloween, not much time for people to come up with a costume if they weren't planning to already. I put up 23 fliers on Sunday afternoon, but they didn't remain up for long. I don't know whether fliers are generally taken down on Monday morning, or if the spots I chose were off limits; I was torn between placing my fliers among others, where they'd be harder to spot, or placing them away from other fliers,

**Unfortunately, when compared to my next problem, my difficulty with the fliers was about as small as an ant is to an elephant.**

where they'd be easier to find but perhaps not in acceptable places. In any case, most of my fliers were gone by mid-day on Monday.

Unfortunately, when compared to my next problem, my difficulty with the fliers was about as small as an ant is to an elephant. It turns out, no one here has a digital or Polaroid camera! Here I was thinking that people would either have one or know a friend who has one, but in actuality very few people here have them. Other kinds of cameras, which more people probably have, would not have worked because I needed the pictures by Sunday, too soon for the film to be developed.

Come to think of it, I really don't know why I assumed everyone would have a Polaroid camera... I mean, I don't have one.

So, given that no one here has a camera, I guess I'm not terribly surprised that I didn't receive any submissions to the contest. Well, no, that's not quite true. I did receive one... but it was from a graduate student of another college, so I politely pointed her in the right direction. It's too bad, really; I was looking forward to judging all of the submissions, and giving scores like "Worst Place" or, if I was feeling nice, perhaps a "Good Place" or two. Oh well, at least I'll still get to judge the school champions. So far I've seen a guy dressed as a present addressed to girls, and a girl wearing nothing but rectangular signs such as "Private Property" and "For Rent". I'm sure Hampshire students could have beaten those, though... if they'd put in the effort, and had a camera.

The point of this article? Well, other than just getting one in here so I can keep my columnist status... I guess I just wanted to say that sometimes you just have to take a shot, and try something new. It may not work, and then you'll do better next time. Now I have a whole year to figure out the next Halloween contest. Like any good college student, I found a way to expand one paragraph of content into the whole essay.



Don't want to go to church today so I'll just start driving. I don't think they'll mind as long as I say that they wanted me to work for an extra hour today. That's the good thing about having their trust, they will believe my lies and never question them.

I never really know where I'm going, I just know that I need to go somewhere, anywhere that will let me just disappear.

The parking lot is unusually full today, I wonder what it is that we're peddling today. Actually, no, I really don't care. I'm just going to drive and forget about that aspect of my life.

I turn on the radio and listen to the Slipknot song that's playing. "People=Shit". How convenient. The way I'm feeling today, they really do equal shit; only thinking about themselves, never really thinking about how their actions affect others. How the world doesn't revolve around them and their glossy, "Everyone loves me" world.

Fuck 'em.

I shouldn't be speeding across this stretch of the highway, but I don't care. I have one eye on the road and the other on the ocean to my right.

It's the same ocean since I can remember; the same ocean that I helped clean when I was in elementary school and it was Earth Day. The same ocean that I went to go see the fireworks at one Fourth of July and I remember feeling very uncomfortable, waiting for something to go wrong.

I was always such a weird kid.

Downtown Monterey, next right. Oh right, Alvarado St... it's where you go to be one of the cool kids and smoke when you're in high school. Not exactly the scene you want to be a part of when you're a college student.

Time to drive away very, very quickly. I think I can get to Pacific Grove from here.

Pacific Grove is great, think a lot of rich people and old people living alongside the beach. A place that isn't tainted (well, not so much) by fast food chains and shopping malls. I come here for hours when the world seems to take more than it should from me. Here I can climb down to the rocks and look out at the ocean. Sometimes, if you're not careful, the waves become hellbent on taking you for their own.

I learned that the hard way one day. After an argument I drove off to this spot. I climbed down the rocks and just stared out for what seemed to be an eternity. All of a sudden the waves began to swell and a wave goes over my head.

Too scared to think, too in awe to move, I just sat as the wave hit me and soaked me. I licked the salt from my lips and saw the next wave approach me. A sane person would have moved, not me. I wanted that wave to come after me, I wanted to see who would win.

It's very dumb to play Chicken with the elements. You're going to lose.

# WISH YOU WERE HERE

I did and after getting soaked to the bone and getting strange looks by the old ladies sitting on a bench by the water, I climbed the rocks and got back into my car again.

I can't help but think of that time every time I drive past Pacific Grove. It's my safe haven, my own little place that only if I trust you I'll ever let you come with me when I go there.

It's only 6:15 and I want to get there after they get back from church.

What can I possibly do for an hour and a half?

May as well keep driving.

I drive through an area of Pacific Grove that I've never driven by myself.

I pass the beaches and head into Carmel. I'm starting to get nervous because I keep driving, not really sure where I'm going and coming to the realization that I've never been this far by myself. Yet I can't make myself turn back around.

I know this is the way to Big Sur. I remember my dad driving my siblings and I through this stretch. It was always so scary. The cars drive so quickly even on the curves. I always worried that one day we would just drive off the road.

I still feel that way as I'm driving. Any moment now I'm going to drive my car off the road and I'm going to fall down the cliff. But I keep driving.

There's this car behind me, I noticed the car when I was in

continued on page 20



# HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE DEEP THOUGHTS

I had a yellow Volvo. When I totalled it, I had to pay \$50 to get it towed. I should have just sold it to the school as art. I could have entitled it "The Deconstruction of Sweden." I could have paid for my tuition for this semester.

I also thought about just leaving it somewhere on campus with the keys in it, and spray painting "Ride me On Campus" on the side. Hey, we have yellow bikes. I bet if this school had more money, we'd have yellow cars.

Hampshire Halloween: You can be Greg Prince, or you can be naked, but you really shouldn't be both.

I threw a pumpkin off the F4 balcony the other day. I almost hit some guy in the head as it landed and smashed in the quad. He was really mad, so I told him, "Don't worry, man. It's only a pumpkin. I can buy another from Atkins."

I'm really, really, good at doing nothing. If I could find someone who'd pay me for it, I'd be set for life.

And now, for your Moment of Zen:

If half booty is bad booty, and mod booty is worse booty, then I'd definitely go for the sheep.



continued from page 19

## WISH YOU WERE HERE

Pacific Grove and I start wondering if it's following me. I start driving faster and it's still there. I start panicking and hope to God that this person will just turn anywhere. I wonder why I'm so paranoid.

There's a tourist stop to look at the ocean view, so I stop there for a moment and sure enough the car keeps driving. It's nice to know that my paranoia is still alive and kicking.

I get out of my car and stretch for a minute. I've been driving for thirty minutes straight and I just need a bit of the ocean air to revive me. I lean against the rock wall and look out. The sun is starting to go down but it's not quite sunset. It's one of those summer days in which everything seems to be as picturesque as you can get it. The oranges and yellows of the sun mixing in with the teals and blue of the sky put together with the aquamarine of the ocean makes everything seem perfect for a moment.

Everything that's been bothering, everything that's made me feel like just giving up is forgotten while I'm here yet I can't help but cry as I'm standing here watching the sun set.

Before I know it, the sky turns blue and purple, the ocean breeze kicks in, and an hour has passed by. I pick up a rock by my foot, palm it once or twice and make a wish as I throw it; a trick I learned from someone the summer before.

Feeling better yet empty, there's no other place to go but home. I get back into my car and wouldn't you know it, my favorite station is playing "Wish You Were Here". It never fails, whenever I'm by the ocean that song always plays. I'm never quite sure about how to



## ...And the Lord Uttered, "Wilbur:"

A Philosophico-Literary Analysis of Cult Propaganda in the First Two Stanzas of the "Mr. Ed" Theme Song. A Brief Exercise in Pseudo-Intellectual Pretense")

by Dan McNamara, contributor

- (1) A Horse is a Horse, of Course, of Course,
- (2) And No One Can Talk to a Horse, of Course;
- (3) Unless, of Course, that Particular Horse is the Famous Mr. Ed.
- (4) Go Right to the Source and Ask the Horse;
- (5) He'll Give You the Answer that You Endorse.
- (6) He's Always on a Steady Course;
- (7) Talk to Mr. Ed!

(1) *Of course* a horse is a horse. In the tradition of Logical Positivism (the seminal figure of which is that fun-lovin' logician, sex addict and general media whore Bertrand "Bertie" Russell), a bridge was sought 'twixt name and form. A "horse" is a conglomeration of properties corresponding to both the appellation and the physical trope (minus pretense, the thing and the word), and a "horse" (word) naturally corresponds to a horse (thing). This is emphasized via repetition: of course; *of course* of course" (italics subtracted). How could it be otherwise? Russell wouldn't see it quite so rigidly, but apparently the proposition was quite acceptable to the "White America" 1950s viewing audience, content to kick back with a sixer of Schlitz and let their Positivist tendencies be reinforced.

However, Joe Six-pack's fragile world of binary judgments is abruptly shattered in lines (2) and (3); one of the properties to which "Horse" is generally ascribed is, "no one can talk to a horse"- horses are *ipso natura* unable to speak human languages. <sup>1</sup> The tertiary

usage of "of course" purports to set axiom (2) - that "no one can talk to a horse" - on equal footing with (1): the fact that no one can talk to a horse is part of the aforementioned conglomeration of properties making up the word, "horse." To restate: part of what a horse is, is a thing that cannot speak human languages. Enter (3) - a contrary example. There is in fact a particular horse that one can speak to, the "famous" Mr. Ed.

*Epoche* (take a step back). <sup>2</sup> Context: Mr. Ed is a talking horse who lives with Wilbur, his human owner and (sic) companion. This corresponds to the traditional 50s television plotline that will be referred to here as the "Genie Principle" (Cf. "I Dream of Genie," in which no one can know about the Genie except the main character, hijinx inevitably ensue). Only Wilbur knows that Mr. Ed can talk; hijinx inevitably ensue. How, then, is Mr. Ed "famous?" Only in the realm of the viewer; i.e., only given situational irony. That being said, the "famous" Mr. Ed, while a talking horse (grounds for fame, if not infamy, by standard standards), is not in fact "famous" within the epistemological parameters of the show. On the contrary, only George knows he can talk (and, lest it be forgotten/understated, hijinx do in fact ensue).

Back to the story at hand: Mr. Ed's existence constitutes a rift in positivist accuracy; a horse who can speak human language cannot be accounted for given the general definition of "Horse." This is not a problem generally, given that no one knows of the existence of such a horse (within said param-

eters). Wilbur is the only one forced to shift his definition to accommodate Mr. Ed as such (the viewing audience is another matter altogether...). But the question must be raised - is Mr. Ed still a horse? *Of course*, in at least one sense; he is referred to in the rest of the body of the text as such, and so in this context he continues to be a "horse" (and thus a horse) despite his unique stature as accomplished speaker of the English language. Yet the positivist rift exists, and the facticity of Mr. Ed *qua* not-Horse must be taken into account.

I submit that as an exception to the rule of "if 'horse,' then horse," Mr. Ed is raised above the ordinary hippic level. <sup>3</sup> He has been "MisterEd" (imperfect passive verbal form); "made a Mister." <sup>4</sup> That is to say, he has been raised to the level of a person in his linguistic prowess, and hence occupies a liminal space between human and animal. <sup>5</sup> That the horse possesses the honorific epithet "Mr.," indicates his stature as an aristocratic animal; he is male (let's not forget it's the 50s, eh?), possesses skills beyond his station, holds a complimentary title, and is (4) "the source" of answers to your questions. Likewise, he is (6) "always on a steady course." The repetition of "course" brings us back to the positivist metaphysics of lines (1) and (2); he is on a "steady course" in the same way that a "horse" is, generally, a horse. This serves to widen the chasm between any other horse (who is, of course, just a horse) and the "famous" Mr.

continued on page 23





## DEPARTURE

The florescent clouds cast a shadow that sucked up sunlight miles before it hit the ground and created a uniform fog on the city that saw its only interrupt of monochrome in the bright reflections from rear view mirrors. The aroma from an admixture of old smog and the homeless made its mark on Tijuana blvd. unrestrained by rented diamond fences that kept bulldozed buildings safe from the rubbernecked public. The city wore such pallid barrenness like the memory of high school that had lasted more years than were actually spent in class. The window was down, and I was the passenger sitting with my neck craned to the right and my elbow hanging out. Though we were heading to Burbank to pick up a friend from the airport, I gazed at the passing buildings and growing street numbers sadly but with retrospection, like I would be leaving and this would be the last chance I'd have to see a home I was less than thrilled to inhabit.

J.C. was coming back and this time with her head bowed, because it wasn't for a break. She had left wisely, fading out like a Polaroid in reverse. Her mark on this place was solid and integral, but then the opportunity came around and the ticket was the right price so she left, wisely. I adored her and respected her for running away, for we all dreamed of returning back east to the coast our parents had described so fondly. The place we actually believed was our childhood home. Now she was about to

walk off that plane wearing day old clothes, an obsequious smile and a years worth of baggage. She counted life by the years.

The steering wheel hissed in its rusty chalkboard turn, and Max, being a good friend for driving me to airport to pick up a friend who wasn't his, squinched his Jewish nose in response. "What airline?"

"Uhh... keep going" I couldn't remember the exact name, but it wasn't shown on the first sign I saw. There it was. "Southwest."

Security checks pose only an annoyance. They stare at you and wait until you blink first. If in that span an eyebrow twitches or nothing twitches at all, they ask you to open the trunk. Max always got the check, and this time was no exception. He didn't have to pull over. As the officer scanned his tire and washer fluid and stained carpet lining, I looked back pitifully to the people in line. One nervous tic and they have to wait a minute full of eternities to see Grandpapa for the first time in forever. They found nothing and fingered us to drive up. Max parked between two vans. As I opened my door I heard not the sounds of the runway but instead those of a freeway. Max waited for me to shut the door before he led the way to the terminal.

We shared a step on the escalator and faced each other. "Where is she coming back from again?"

"Coxley College, in Massachusetts."

"No, I know that, I mean her flight? Where's the plane coming

from?"

"Oh, Phoenix. Stopped over."

He nodded and opened his mouth to speak again, but the words didn't come out. He turned on the beat, faced forward. We didn't have much to talk about.

Even though Arizona was close enough to walk to, her flight had been delayed. We arrived only a few minutes early but the wait ended up being much longer than that. Security regulations never let you stand outside the gate any more, so we found ourselves by the serpentine baggage claim wondering if maybe she had missed this flight and was calling my home phone as we speak. But that fear was put to rest a moment later, when my itty bitsy kitten walked right past me looking for the face of a friend she assured me she hadn't forgotten.

"Jace! Where you going?"

The nymph stopped. She wore a woolen trench coat, untied, and all I could see was the dangling belt, two fragile hands and the hairy back of her unforgettable head above the stiffened collar of the jacket. The turn. I saw it in a hundred slow angles. Every single detail and lovely forgotten dimple beginning to face me and at once freezing in time. It was an assault on my senses and it began with my sight. The profile of her nose still stuck out no farther than a pencil eraser, with the same pink around her nostrils. Her dark leather colored hair was shorter

continued on next page

continued from page 21

## AND THE LORD UTTERED "WILBUR"

Ed. The latter is not horse and not human; he is a wisdom holder, dwelling in the margins, unknown to all except Wilbur- the lone acolyte in the cult of the learned quasi-horse.

This situation lends itself to two possible interpretations of Mr. Ed as "source" of information:

(a) Mr. Ed remains on "steady course" in that when you ask him a question, "he'll give you the answer that you endorse" - he knows what you want to hear, and tells you ("You" here refers solely to Wilbur, but let's not be a killjoy, eh?). In this interpretation, Mr. Ed is 'Hermeneutically Irresponsible' - that is to say, he grounds-in previously held prejudices, old ways of viewing the world. This leads to people (Wilbur) liking him, which in turn keeps him on course. Mr. Ed, the false prophet, holds no wisdom but the ability to manipulate humans to his own selfish and doubtlessly dastardly ends.

(b) The "steady course" to which Mr. Ed holds is more altruistic and built upon his reputation as a holder of knowledge; he (as Marginal<sup>6</sup>) is privy to things which we as Humans (Body of Text) are not able to access. Hence, when he gives us answers, they are the answers that we *should* endorse,

regardless of whether it's what we want to hear. In this case, Mr. Ed is the paradigm of the responsible Hermeneut; <sup>7</sup> he challenges us to form new ideas and is respected for it, rather than acting as ego-soother to the Masses (the mass of Wilbur, at least).

The phrasing, "he'll give you the answer that you endorse" seems to point toward (a); he will give you (future) the answer that you endorse (present) - that is, he will tell you what you would endorse now. This is, I think, a misreading, given the aforementioned relation of Mr. Ed's "steady course" with the positivist's "of course," and given the foregoing analysis of lines (1)-(4): Mr. Ed dwells outside such conventional structures. He defies naming and, with it, human categorical intellect. He is not affected by popularity, evidenced by his lone proponent Wilbur. This is, however, ironically juxtaposed with the Viewers' apprehension, the latter of which lends quite a dubious air to the whole scenario.

What we have here is, I think, clearly subtle cult propaganda; we as Audience are invited to share in Wilbur's knowledge of Mr. Ed's... well, knowledge. This portrayal of Mr. Ed *qua* radical neo-sectarian leader, while it may sound prepos-

terous, is set into place through the aforementioned breakdown of Joe and Josephine Sixer's positivism. Their dreams of a solid, grounded reality utterly broken by lines (1)-(3), they are led in the following stanza to a new way of thinking, and offered a source for all of the answers they'll surely endorse. Wouldn't you?



<sup>1</sup> On a technical note, it would be more proper to say "with," one can talk to (id est dicere, af's ability to talk back, to engage in dialogue. Given the context of the line, however, one feels justified in concluding that "to" is used for strictly metrical purposes, and carries the dialectical sense of "with." Cf. Gadamer, *Truth and Method*, and c.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Schleiermacher, *Hermeneutics and Criticism*, and following.

<sup>3</sup> Nolate Bene- adj. Grk. Ippos. "Horse." (pretentious, perhaps; Cf. subtitle of this article)

<sup>4</sup> I am indebted to James Barre for making this point (personal correspondence).

<sup>5</sup> s treatment of Enkidu in his introductory essay to *Gilgamesh* (trans. Gardner and Maier).

<sup>6</sup> For a treatment of deconstructionist views on marginality, Cf. Derrida, "Difference" and following.

<sup>7</sup> (not to be confused with the Boston-based, Hampshire-affiliated journal by that title)

continued from previous page

than before, and gave her face an elfin shape.

When she looked me in the eyes I saw the beauty I had forgotten in the last two years. Hers were brown around a darker brown nucleus, on a face that deserved one thing, green eyes. In my nighttime memories I knew them differently. There her pupils were ovular and pointy, just like a cats'. But here, their plainness their plaintiveness, caught me and showed me that this person was

once again real.

"Seth, Ohmigod." She kneeled and placed something on the floor then rushed over to hug me. Then she flashed a smile that stopped at her cheeks. Her eyes held their firmness. "I've been waiting to see you."

"Yeah... Welcome back."





## YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

So I've decided that, after having submitted to the Omen once before, bitching about people who were ashamed to be "emo," I'm going to start submitting more often, and I'm going to do it in the form of record reviews. I figured that I buy/have enough music to sufficiently crank out said reviews on a regular basis, and this way, in conjunction with my radio show, I can subject the masses (all 1400 of you) to my opinion, because it matters. So there. If you have anything that you want me to review, you can write me an email about it at jcp00@hampshire.edu, or send me real mail in box 1283. Now that that's taken care of, here are some reviews that really have nothing to do with each other (except an extremely odd connection to Pennsylvania that wasn't intentional).

### The Juliana Theory - *Emotion is Dead* (Tooth & Nail Records, 2000)

The Juliana Theory come from the latter-day Jimmy Eat World school of emo-rock. This disc is littered with extremely poppy, well produced, highly orchestrated songs that rarely diverge from their formula. The Juliana Theory however, cannot pull it off quite as well as the Jimmy Eat World crew. The fact that it's so produced (I might be tempted here to offer up the term "overproduced" to describe it) often makes *Emotion is Dead* sound like the boys from N'Sync if they got sick of their day jobs and decided to go "underground." The harmonies are so tight and silky-smooth that it's sickening, and the lyrics are so clichéd as to

often-times sound like they were taken from an "emo lyrics" Mad Lib. The extreme low point of the album comes on the ninth track, "Something Isn't Right Here" which utilizes acoustic guitar, tambourine, and finger-snaps on top of sickeningly sweet vocals to make it sound like a rejected BBMac song. Where the Juliana Theory make good though, is on the tracks where they let go (barely) of their formula and harmonies, and start to sound like they actually care about what they're singing as opposed to simply dramatizing the affair to make it seem like they care. Tracks like "To the Tune of 5,000 Screaming Children," "If I Told You This Was Killing Me, Would You Stop?," and "Understand the Dream Is Over" are the only thing keeping this album from making me think that maybe, to these West Pennsylvania natives, emotion really is dead. Interesting, considering their vocalist's pedigree as a member of Christian metalcore scenesters Zao... maybe it's that whole Christian thing? Well...come to think of it, Zao isn't that good either, so...Regardless, the bottom line is this album is so mediocre that it makes me lean towards sitting on the fence. There is nothing about this album that makes it stand out from the rest of the crowd, not even particularly catchy songwriting, but maybe that's why they got signed to Epic and just recently released their major-label debut...

### Shat - *Greatest Hits* (Buddyhead Records, 2002)

I don't even know where to start with this record. If they were

still around, this would be Beavis and Butthead's favorite album EVER, especially with song titles like "Dingleberries", "Look at Those Breasts", "I've Got a Boner and I Want to Bone Her", and "It's About Time You Sucked On My Penis Now". Makes you wonder if Jeff Wood, who plays in this band with C.C. Deville's half-brother and some other guy from Western Pennsylvania, is actually this guy's real name, or if he just thought that having "Wood" as a last name would be funny. I also wonder if the story he gave in an interview with Buddyhead.com about getting shot in the head (he claims that half the bullet is still in his brain) is true as well...although I wouldn't be surprised if someone with a bullet in their brain wrote 65 songs like this and released them under the name Shat. The songs on this album are immature, disgusting, and more often than not, offensive. But that all said, there are actually 2 songs on this record that are funny. Those two songs are "Fuck, I Stepped in Shit", and "Breakfast with James Hetfield". Now that that's out of the way, I can go back to talking about how outrageous ("deficient in propriety or good taste") this album is. I guess that's what Wood needs to do, though, considering there's nothing else that makes this album stand out. It's basically just re-hashed, badly recorded "jock" metal riffs, and a few rip-offs of timeworn classics like "My Sharona" and other songs that I'm sure are actually part of public domain by this point. It's no surprise then, that Wood, who does all the vocals on the album,

continued on next page



## Section ZOLE



## GREAT GAME INDUSTRY ADS, PART 1

actually by Karl Moore but cribbed by Michael Zole

Since I didn't have time to write any articles this week, today Section Zole presents a 1990 print ad courtesy of Karl Moore. The games in question are *Super C*, sequel to the up up down down classic *Contra*, and *Snake's Revenge*, sequel to *Metal Gear*. I hear there's a new computer game where you can kill Saddam Hussein, but you needn't shell out \$50 for the experience. Check out these terrorist-thumping titles, available wherever used games are sold (or emulated).



### IF THE WORLD ENDS TOMORROW IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT

Konami\* and Ultra\* are putting you under the gun by giving you the power and strength to save mankind from certain extinction. In *Super C* and *Snake's Revenge*, two new mega-hit mega-wars, you'll be bombed, blasted and befuddled by the vile alien Red Falcon and the world's premier madman Higharolia Kockamame. From the onset of these onslaughts, they'll fight you tooth and claw with thousands of planet blistering weapons. And if your rocket launchers, flame throwers, laser guns and supreme wits fail to overcome multiple levels of mass destruction, civilization will cease to exist. And you'll have no one to blame but yourself!



## continued from previous page YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO HEAR...

at different points tries to imitate James Hetfield, Mike Patton, Danzig, and countless horrible early 90's metal singers that I can't name, and fails at all of them. The lyrics don't help much either, considering they basically just consist of the title of the song repeated over and over again for a minute or a minute and a half. Imagine this for 65 songs. This makes the disc not only stupid, immature, disgusting, and offensive, but also really really boring. Every now and then, he'll throw a curve ball and have actual lyrics, although those generally make the songs worse. I suggest you stay as far away from this album as humanly possible, and if you ever meet Jeff Wood, run in the opposite direction before he starts singing "Grandpa Is Playing With His Penis."

There will be more next time, I promise. Right now I'm sick and my parents are here, so I'm too preoccupied to concentrate on any more crappy CDs. Next issue: Good CDs!!!!





# Daily Jolt Roundup

by Aaron Buchsbaum, columnist

## OCTOBER 27 - NOVEMBER 9

Sunday, October 27:

Angry words from an 'Angry Merrill Res. (Guest)' are directed at the hooligan responsible for a rash of early morning fire-alarms. Roughly 9 of 14 responses include anger of their own, with the remaining 5 discussing the proximity of Applewood retirement community to Hampshire campus. User 'shel (Guest)' looks on the lighter side of life, providing the jolt community with a "funny link". Interested parties concur on the its relative amusement-value, but neither do they hesitate to proffer witty web-sites of their own. In the theater section, "Popcorn" is discussed with a reverent abstraction normally withheld to unfamiliar socio-political contexts.

Monday, October 28:

The return of 'annoyed (Guest)' marks a renewed bout of kvetching about "vending machines". Your food getting trapped between a shelf and a glass case? The taoist teachings of 'wayoutwest' say, "just give up the cheetos all together, fool". In the world of secrets and spy-craft, a 'lemmy' imposter does his best to besmirch the name of the renowned Jolt caretaker. The real 'lemmy' (the one without a period) saves face before much damage is wrought, with 'LSU (Guest)' pulling a Colombo to determine that the ever-questionable 'Pablo' was behind the whole thing. Some talk of "Cheating the Invite Only Policy" of Hampshire Halloween.

Tuesday, October 29:

It's Tuesday, and there are way more than 100 posts; This Jolt thing may be getting out of hand.

Wednesday, October 30:

Smith-student-abroad 'Dylanite' laments over her inability to attend Hampshire Halloween, instead being forced to remain within the doldrum confines of Ireland. She also wonders "who let THE MAN" create an invite-only policy, and expressed a terrific dread at being excluded her senior year. Early in the morning, a post quoting "Douglass Adams" sets the stage for a wonderful Wednesday. Unfortunately the otherwise promising topic collapses into an attack on 'Pablo's questionable analytic skills, plunging those involved into a steaming cess-pool of premeditated animosity. In the personals 'not ever (Guest)' can't seem to find love on campus, what with all the "trashy, cowardly, idiotic boys who scarcely qualify as human beings". Argument ensues.

Thursday, October 31:

Some positive reinforcement coming from 'ljb99', thanking the dedicated "Hampshire EMT's for EVERYTHING that they do for this community." In complete agreement is user 'periaeria', who revels in the yearly H.C.E.M.S Halloween postering. On the opposite end of the emotional spectrum is 'angry (Guest)', who is apparently "SO ANGRY" s/he's taken to venting on the Jolt's nurturing bubble of fuzzy mush. Three out of four responses suggest relief through distraction and screaming, while 'nm (Guest)' says the best course of action is to "find the true reason you become so angry". This is best achieved through confronting the long dark tea-time of the soul.

Friday, November 1:

It's No-fucking-verber! What's more, the Jolt is eerily silent on this prestigious day of Hampshire Halloween. 'Lemmy' mentions his costume contest for the final time and receives several inexplicably off-topic responses. User 'reposter (Guest)' dredges up some relationship angst from previous postings; Seething discussion ensues. Of particular note is the quote from 'not ever (Guest)', "How was I supposed to know that he had recently evolved from pond scum?".

Saturday, November 2:

Someone who's a little bit 'horny (Guest)' wants to start yet another Hampshire Hot List. Unfortunately no one seems to care, and her/his post remains a wistful and lonely scab among the bloody lesion that is the Daily Jolt. Later in the afternoon, 'Guest name (Guest)' asks the obligatory post-Halloween (it's a pun, get it?) question "who had the best costume"? Answers include: sock puppet, Jiggly Puff, capital paper shredder, The Birds (a la Hitchcock), Elvis, night sky, giant penis-man, harold, maude, anthrax, Magritte's painting (guy with apple), and Harvey Birdman. A different 'Guest name (Guest)' is simply interested in some "Chinese food delivery".

Sunday, November 3:

Probably the highlight of the day is 'Pablo's offer to willingly banish her/himself from the Hampshire forum. All s/he seems to require are a few cogent, reasoned arguments explaining the ways

in which s/he is detrimental to an otherwise homey Jolt experience. Several responses express moderated amusement at 'Pablo's previous antics, and allow Sir Posts-A-Lot to remain. Other answers burn with rage equivalent to a belligerent wookie. In movie news, 'Hamster Sheep (Guest)' wants to know what actor alum Sam Huntington is up to these days.

**SPECIAL: Response Break-Down**

Topical:  $n = 7-11$ . Depends on definition of 'topical'

Confused:  $n = 2$

Snide:  $n = 2$

Lies:  $n = 1$

Progressive: NA

Monday, November 4:

Reality hits home for '32flavors' when her hopes of retrieving a roll of film are dashed to the ground by 'periaeria'. Apparently the canister in question was dropped during Hampshire Halloween, and thus subject to the god-like cleaning faculties of phys. plant shortly thereafter. The brunt of today's 'conversation' (I use the word in a figurative, esoteric sense only) revolves around the infamous 'Pablo'. User 'Guest name (Guest)' is looking to "make things a little bit less tense" on the Jolt by giving said 'Pablo' his own micro-forum. Disparaging remarks all around. Some theories as to "... why the 1st years are so clean." round out the day.

Tuesday, November 5:

Fit hits the shan at 3:52pm when 'tom collins' says "Zole shut up already!". Mr/s. Collins insists Zole is the "jerry fallwell of this fucking board", guilty of censorship, whining, "fucking nonsense", and being a girl. Five of seven responses turn right around and

give 'Tom Collins' his what-for, with one subsequent post from T.C. and a general Jolt critique from 'The Pretender' (damn fine t.v. series). Both 'Tom Collins' and 'Jerry' post respective quotes of the day, paradoxically invalidating both claims.

Wednesday, November 6:

User 'Leathan' thinks "Pablo = Tom Collins", and asks for a vote whether they are "the same troll". 'Pablo' him/herself responds several hours later, saying "You guys are getting close..." but still wrong. One can feel the nervous energy buzzing about the Jolt - will 'Pablo's true identity be revealed? Will his/her pseudo-reign of not-terror end? Will the 9/10ths of campus that doesn't even know the Jolt exists, really care? Will the potential denouement of the Pablo Inquisition be accompanied by a satisfying sense of fulfillment, or simply leave gaping puss-filled holes in a once verdant forum? Stay tuned for the hair-raising, gut-wrenching, hemorrhoid-burning conclusion!

Thursday, November 7:

Back in the day, Div II and III students got some respect when course-selection came around. This year 'aeaeae' thinks something is amiss. A lengthy conversation about "The Hub" reveals a similar attitude in many aging students, who growl about being disenfranchised by first-years. These grumbling geezers want explanations from the ever-dubious Central Records; Sufficient angst could fuel a Sit-In. Turning to the Imposter section, Kann Zaufmaz (name has been changed for my own amusement) is parading under the guise of 'periaeria'. Things are set straight ~20 minutes later by the true 'periaeria', who's

scathing message threatens "if you didn't amuse me so much, I'd have to kill you." 'Leathan' wonders "Where do Trolls come from?" while 'Jerry' muses "where do nerd/geeks/dweeb/dorks come from?"

Friday, November 8:

Specificity reigns supreme when 'Guest name (Guest)' talks about "that blonde chick". Described as an inhabitant of Mod 89, she could have tattoos and piercings but "I've only heard about it in the girls' bathroom, so don't quote me" (attributed to 'I've Got a Secret (Guest)'). Other Hampsters are looking for a quality Friday night party, or else wondering if talk about "the merrill skating rink" is simply farce. Following ante-post-structuralist discourse to a T, user 'Alanna41' eloquently states her opinion: "lck".

Saturday, November 9:

The ubiquitous 'Guest name (Guest)' is looking for a party where s/he "can go home with someone and get it the fuck on." A stimulating conversation ensues over the course of 7 hours, with all successive posts being authored by 'Guest name (Guest)'. Each one of these entities exhibits trace amounts of sexual frustration, truncated though processes, and a limited understanding of sentence structure. As well, one of them has an e-mail address. The somewhat more identifiable 'catmellen' puts out a casting call for "After-X", a play in which "No previous experience in anything - except life - is necessary". The play is based on over 20 pop-culture standards, and may seek to give them all a sound thrashing.





